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JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE

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JUSTICE LEAGUE® TASK FORCE™

SAL '94

WAID • PRIEST • VELLUTO • McKENNA

SAVAGE LEGACY · PART II

The Frog & The Scorpion

A HALF-DOZEN HEARTBEATS AGO, THE RAY WAS ON TASK FORCE ISLAND, NEAR THE COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA.

NOW HE'S IN OHIO.

OR BUDAPEST.

AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, A SNEEZE CAN LAND YOU A LONG WAY FROM KANSAS...

YEOWW!!

DIG THIS JOINT--!

WELL, FOLKS-- I THINK WE'RE *THERE*--

--VANDAL SAVAGE'S TREE HOUSE!

J'ONN... HE'S WANDERING OUTSIDE THE PATTERN.

RAY--YOU'RE OUTSIDE THE *LANDING PATTERN* SAVAGE GAVE US.

I'M JUST BUZZING THE *TOWER*, J'ONN-- CHECKING IT OUT.

WHAT'S HE SAYING--?

RAY, GET US BACK ON TRACK RIGHT AWAY--

NO--J'ONN-- DON'T TURN HIM TOO QUICKLY--

PRIEST & WAID ▼ VELLUTO ▼ McKENNA ▼ GRAFE ▼ CUNNINGHAM ▼ DIAZ

WRITERS PENCILLER INKER COLORIST LETTERER EDITOR

--IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ATTACK--

FWOOOOOOOOSSHHH!

WOOSH!

WOOOOSH

--WHOOPS--

THOOOOMM!

THOOOOOMM!

THOOOOOMM!

--YAAAA!!

...MOMMEEE...

J'ONN--HE'S CHOKING--

RAY... LISTEN TO ME...

...FOCUS...

TOO LATE--THE SPHERE'S BEEN COMPROMISED--

--AND WE'RE IN *FREE FALL.*

GET SAVAGE, GYPSY AND DESPERO TO THE LZ--*

--I'LL TAKE CARE OF *JUNIOR.*

TRIUMPH --GET *BACK* HERE--!

SIX SECONDS.

CAN'T YOU *CONTROL* YOUR *STUDENTS,* MARTIAN MAN-HUNTER--?

Oh-- LIKE *YOUR* PEOPLE ARE *REALLY DISCIPLINED,* SAVAGE.

J'ONN, I SUGGEST YOU GET VANDAL SAVAGE TO HIS *NERVE CENTER* IMMEDIATELY, SO HE CAN *CALL OFF* THIS ATTACK.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF *GYPSY.*

YOU-- *WILL*--?

EAT *THIS,* FAN BOY!!

*LANDING ZONE--*POO

SSSSZZZZAACCCKK!

WHAM

YOU--IDIOT!!

HEY--WHAT'S *YOUR* PROBLEM--CAN'T SOMEBODY HAVE AN *ORIGINAL THOUGHT* OR SOMETHING?

YOU WENT *OUTSIDE* THE *PATTERN*, STUPID. YOU HAD *SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS*!

SO DID THE NAZIS, PINHEAD! WHAT'S *WITH* YOU?!

WHO ARE *YOU* CALLING A NAZI--?!

SPLASH

GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT *TRIUMPH* GUY--HE'S *ALWAYS THINKING.*

TELLING ME TO *PURPOSELY WANDER OFF COURSE*--SO WE CAN SEE WHAT KIND OF *HARDWARE* SAVAGE IS PACKING--

RAY'S *GOT GUTS*, I'LL GIVE HIM THAT. WE HAD *NO WAY* OF KNOWING WHAT KIND OF FIREPOWER SAVAGE WOULD HIT US WITH--

--BUT *HE* TOOK IT WITHOUT BLINKING.

GOT TO FINISH THIS *PERIMETER CHECK* BEFORE ANYONE SUSPECTS WHAT WE'RE UP TO--

--AS IF WE COULD ACTUALLY *FOOL* VANDAL SAVAGE--

YOUR *RECRUITS* ARE A LITTLE *RAW*, MANHUNTER. I HOPE I HAVEN'T COME TO THE *WRONG TEAM* FOR HELP.

EACH MEMBER RESPONDS TO PRESSURE ACCORDING TO HIS OR HER OWN *GIFTS*, SAVAGE--

YES, OF COURSE.

HOLD IT!

--oh--Mr. *SAVAGE!*

PLEASE...DON'T LET ME DIE... NOT WITH *HIM*--

--WITH THE *CREATURE*...WHO *KILLED* MY *PARENTS*--

EVEN THOUGH I *KNOW* THAT'S A *ROBOT* CALLED *L-RON* INHABITING DESPERO'S BODY, I STILL CAN'T SHAKE WHAT I *FEEL*--

...Ah. HERE WE GO.

...STOCK SAFETY IS OFF... ENCRONIC FUSION CHAMBER ENABLED... CHANGES LOCKED OUT...

...WHY WON'T THE WEAPON DISCHARGE...?

SWAP

FWAAAACKK!!

PARDON US.

WHAAAMMM!!

THANKS, L-RON.

...AND PLEASE, DON'T EVER TOUCH ME AGAIN...

FASCINATING. WE IMPACTED THAT *CRYSTAL WALL* AT OVER 3,000 AGGREGATE PSI--

--AND IT *DID NOT BREAK.*

CHARGED PARTICLE FIELD, DESPERO. THE CRYSTAL'S UNIQUE *MOLECULAR LATTICE* TWINES TOGETHER LIKE *SUBATOMIC CHAIN-LINK.*

WHEN BONDED AND FORTIFIED BY THE *FIELD,* IT BECOMES VIRTUALLY *IM-PREGNABLE.*

--AND ALL *PRISONERS IN,* Eh, SAVAGE?

TRIUMPH...

YOUR STUDENT IS QUITE CORRECT, MANHUNTER. BUT I ADVISE HIM TO *TAME* HIS ACCUSATIONS. SHOULD I FORGET HE IS UNDER YOUR CHARGE, HE'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I'M NAMED *SAVAGE!*

AS FOR THE *FIELD--*

AN OUNCE OF PROTECTION AGAINST THE ONCE-UNLIKELY POSSI-BILITY OF AN ATTACK ON THIS CRYSTAL PALACE. IT WILL KEEP ALL INVADERS *OUT--*

YES, WITH THE FIELD IN PLACE, IT WOULD BE SOMEWHAT DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO *LEAVE...*

ASSUMING, OF COURSE, I HAD SOME *REASON* FOR KEEPING YOU HERE.

I'M CERTAIN YOUR TEAM WILL BE MORE COMFORTABLE OUT IN THE *ATRIUM,* MARTIAN MANHUNTER, WHILE WE CONFER INSIDE MY *NERVE CENTER.*

WE'RE NOT *HERE* TO BE *COMFORTABLE,* SAVAGE--

--WE'RE A *TEAM.* WE STICK *TOGETHER.*

YES, OF COURSE.

HOWEVER, MY *NERVE CENTER* CONTAINS *SENSITIVE* COMPUTER EQUIPMENT, WHICH IS *QUITE* SUSCEPTIBLE TO *MAGNETIC FIELDS.*

THANK YOU, SAVAGE--

--MY STUDENTS APPRECIATE YOUR HOSPITALITY.

THEY RECOGNIZE THE VALUE OF *REST--*

--SINCE WE *STILL* DO NOT KNOW WHAT WE'RE *UP AGAINST.*

SEEMS TRIUMPH DOESN'T MUCH *CARE* FOR WAITING OUT HERE.

HE HAS AN APPARENT DIFFICULTY WITH AUTHORITY FIGURES--

--HOW CAN YOU *SEE* ME?

Oh--WERE YOU USING YOUR *CHAMELEON POWER* TO *BLEND IN* WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS--?

DIDN'T YOU *NOTICE?*

TRUTHFULLY--NO.

ALTHOUGH I INHABIT THE ORGANIC CREATURE KNOWN AS DESPERO, I AM *MECHANICAL* IN NATURE.

MY "*VISION*" IS ACTUALLY A *COMPOSITE* OF AVAILABLE INFORMATION ...

...FOR INSTANCE, I *SENSE* YOU WALKING AWAY MORE SO THAN I ACTUALLY *SEE*--

YOU *DON'T GET IT*, DO YOU, L-RON?

I *CAN'T* BE *AROUND YOU*. JUST CAN'T.

WONDER HOW LONG THIS IS GONNA *TAKE*?

I MEAN, HANGING WITH THESE GUYS IS COOL AND ALL, BUT SO MUCH IS HITTING THE FAN BACK IN MY LIFE--

--I REALLY DON'T THINK I SHOULD *BE* HERE.

MOM... *MY* MOM...

...I HAVE A MOM...

...AND MY *FATHER* NEVER *TOLD* ME--*

--HE TOLD HER I WAS THE PIZZA GUY--

THE *PIZZA GUY*--

--I'VE GOT TO SETTLE THINGS... FIGURE IT OUT...

TRIUMPH--!!

WH-- *WHOAA* --!!

*SEE RAY #0 FOR DETAILS--R.OO

TRIUMPH FELL OVER THE SIDE!

--AND IN THIS EXAMPLE, I SENSE YOUR URGENCY WITHOUT ACTUALLY HAVING TO OBSERVE--

ENOUGH, ALREADY!

HEY, TRIUMPH, NICE GOING.

WOTTA MAROON.

SO WHAT'S THE HUBBUB? TRIUMPH CAN FLY!

OF COURSE, THE CHARGED PARTICLE FIELD SAVAGE USES TO PROTECT THE CRYSTAL PALACE COULD BE SCREENING OUT THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELDS WHICH POWER TRIUMPH--

--Duh.

DAMN.

WAKE UP, TERRILL.

YOU'RE YOCKING IT UP WHILE TRIUMPH IS PLUMMETING TO HIS DEATH.

THAT'S MY PROBLEM HERE.

TOO MUCH GOING ON IN MY LIFE. CAN'T FOCUS.

IT'S GONNA COST US.

NOW, IN *THIS* EXAMPLE, I COMBINE DESPERO'S OLFACTORY SENSES WITH HIS *TELEPATHIC THIRD EYE* AND PROCESS THAT DATA INTO--

I HOPE THE *BATHROOMS* IN THIS JOINT AREN'T *CRYSTAL*, TOO.

YOUR NERVE CENTER IS QUITE IMPRESSIVE, SAVAGE.

Oh, *THIS*?

THESE ARE JUST MY *ROUTERS*. THEY TRADE *INFORMATION*, SCANNING THE MYRIAD INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAYS--

NO, NO... NOT 3.6... 4.2.

YES, SWEETHEART, DADDY'S COMING HOME EARLY...

NO, THIS IS AS "*UPSTAIRS*" AS YOU'RE GONNA GET.

TOMORROW? YOU SAID THAT *YESTERDAY*. Oh, VERY FUNNY.

BOOKED. NOPE. BOOKED. CAN'T DO IT. CALL ME NEXT WEEK.

WAIT... SAY THAT AGAIN... HE *WHAT*-?

I'VE ONLY GOT SIX HANDS...

YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A DAMN.

--AND ROUTING ALL PERTINENT DATA *MY* WAY. EXCUSE ME.

YES.

NO.

NO.

YES.

ABSOLUTE-LY NOT.

NUTS.

MY ACTUAL NERVE CENTER IS, AS YOU CAN SEE, MUCH MORE *MODEST*--

YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO *SEE* THIS.

PICKED IT UP ON F-CAM A FEW MINUTES AGO.

YOU *RECORD* FROM *SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS*, SAVAGE?

"--A COUPLE OF OUR *GUESTS* ARE BEING A *LITTLE SILLY.*"

YES, OF COURSE.

EVERYTHING SAID OR DONE ON THE PREMISES IS RECORDED AND ANALYZED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES.

GOT YOU!!

IT'S *BOOTING* NOW. IT LOOKS LIKE--

RAY--YOU *IDIOT!!*

M 073R 00047153

YOU'RE WELCOME.

Y'KNOW... YOU'VE GOT THE *INTUITION* OF AN *IGUANA.*

NO, I *FIGURED* THIS FOR ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR *MOVES* --I JUST THOUGHT--Y'KNOW, IN CASE I WAS *WRONG*--

--THAT I'D KEEP YOU FROM GOING *SPLAT.*

NEXT TIME, I'LL FOLLOW MY *INSTINCTS.*

yYy *GAAAHHH*-!!

SO--YOU GONNA LET ME *IN*, OR JUST *INSULT* ME?

I'M *THINKING* ABOUT IT.

LAST STOP-- MEN'S SHOES-- LADIES' UNDERWEAR-- CHIAPETS--

--*BATTERIES.*

NO, SORRY, THOSE ARE ON *NINE.*

NO, STUPID-- THESE *DRUMS*-- THEY'RE SOME KIND OF *MASSIVE POWER STORAGE* CONTAINERS.

AND THIS IS A SEWER--?

NOT HARDLY. THIS IS AN ACCESS HATCH TO--

THINGS LIKE WHAT?

LIKE PROOF VANDAL SAVAGE IS UP TO NO GOOD.

--APPARENTLY NOTHING. AN EMPTY TUNNEL.

NO, RAY, THIS TUNNEL IS FULL OF THINGS.

WHO BUILDS A TUNNEL IN THE MIDDLE OF ZIPPO, OHIO FOR NO REASON? LOOKS LIKE THIS THING GOES ON FOR MILES!

C'MON, RAY, OPEN YOUR EYES. THINK.

HELP ME DOPE OUT WHAT SAVAGE IS REALLY UP TO--

CAM 0342

0037895

YOU WERE A LONELY CHILD, WEREN'T YOU?

AND THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE NOW--IN THE TUBE.

I'LL ASSUME THIS IMPROMPTU EXPLORATION WAS NOT BY YOUR ORDER, MANHUNTER.

THAT'S CORRECT.

IN THAT CASE, PERHAPS YOUR CHILDREN SHOULD BE PUNISHED.

THEY ARE MEN, SAVAGE. BOTH ARE OF AGE.

TO ME, MANHUNTER, THEY'RE ALL CHILDREN--

"--AS *I* AM MOST CERTAINLY *OLDER* THAN *ALL* OF YOU *COMBINED*. AS YOU *KNOW*, MANHUNTER, I AM FROM *ANOTHER AGE*.

"I AM CRO-MAGNON, A FORERUNNER TO THE HOMO SAPIENS RACE.

"IN THE DAYS BEFORE MANKIND AS *YOU* KNOW IT WALKED THE EARTH, I WAS KNOWN AS *VANDAR ADG*.

"MY *FATHER'S* NAME. UPON HIS DEATH, I TOOK IT AS MY OWN.

"ONE DAY A *METEOR* EXPLODED IN THE SKY ABOVE ME--EXPOSING ME TO INEXPLICABLE *FLAMING GASES*.

"IT WAS PERHAPS A *RESULT* OF THAT EXPOSURE THAT I BECAME *IMMORTAL*. FROM *AGE* TO *AGE*--I *WOULD NOT DIE*.

"I CERTAINLY COULD BE *INJURED*--PERHAPS *KILLED*--BUT I WAS OTHERWISE *FREE* OF THE NORMAL LIMITATIONS OF MORTAL EXISTENCE.

"THUS, I FOCUSED MY ATTENTION ON ASSIMILATING *POWER*. FIRST WITH THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT--THEN THE INJUSTICE SOCIETY--AND OTHER ENDEAVORS.

"--ENDEAVORS WHICH FREQUENTLY BROUGHT ME INTO *CONFLICT* WITH *YOUR* KIND, MANHUNTER--"

--SUPER-HEROES, YOU WHO HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT INNOCENT LIFE.

EVEN *YOURS*.

YES, OF COURSE--

"--AS YOU *PROVED* OUTSIDE *YOUR ISLAND HEADQUARTERS*, WHEN YOU *DEFENDED* ME FROM AN ARMY OF *UNKNOWN PURSUERS*.

"I AM *IMMORTAL*...BUT NOT *INVULNERABLE*. FORTUNATELY, I HAVE LONG *MAINTAINED* A *COMPUTERIZED LIST* OF MY *DESCENDANTS*, DIRECT AND *IN*DIRECT."

"--THOUGH, BY NOW, THEY NUMBER IN THE *MILLIONS*, THEY ARE STILL *UNIQUE*...

"FOR ONLY *THEY* HAVE INHERITED IN THEIR BLOOD THE *X-FACTOR* WHICH MAKES THEIR ORGANS FIT TO REPLACE *MINE* WHENEVER MY OWN...WEAR OUT.

"NOW MY MYSTERIOUS ATTACKERS HAVE *STOLEN* THAT LIST *FROM* ME. CLEARLY, THEY WISH TO *HASTEN* MY PASSING--*ERASE* MY *LEGACY*--

WITH *MILLIONS* OF LIVES AT STAKE, I UNDERSTAND YOUR TEAM'S *APPREHENSIONS* REGARDING MY PERSON AND THIS COMPLEX.

THEY ARE QUITE CORRECT, MANHUNTER. I WOULD NOT BUILD A TUNNEL IN THE MIDDLE OF "ZIPPO, OHIO" FOR *NO PURPOSE*.

"--POSSIBLY BY *ANNIHILATING EVERYONE* ON THAT LIST--THUS LEAVING ME *NO* FURTHER PARTS TO *PLUMB*."

CAM 1331 00305

THE TUNNEL IS THE *POWER SOURCE* FOR THIS COMPLEX. IT IS A *SUPER COLLIDER*--

--AN *ATOM SMASHER*.

IF I *ACTIVATE* IT, YOUR STUDENTS WILL BE *IRRADIATED* BY THE RESULTANT *GAMMA RAYS* SHED BY SMASHED ATOMS.

CAM 1331 004170

IT WOULD TAKE *NO EFFORT* AT ALL--JUST THE PRESS OF A *BUTTON*.

Ah, BUT YOU THINK, HE WON'T KILL THEM--WE ARE ALLIES, OUR FORCES JOINED FOR A COMMON GOOD.

YOU'D READ MY *MIND* IF YOU COULD. 50,000 YEARS OF PRACTICE HAS ENABLED ME TO *SCREEN OUT* TELEPATHS SUCH AS YOURSELF.

WHICH LEAVES ONLY YOUR LEGENDARY SKILLS AS A *MASTER DETECTIVE*--WILL HE KILL THEM OR WON'T HE--?

TELL ME, MANHUNTER--DO YOU KNOW THE *TALE*--OF THE *FROG* AND THE *SCORPION*--?

A SCORPION ASKED A FROG TO FERRY HIM ACROSS THE RIVER. "LET ME CLIMB ON YOUR BACK," SAID THE SCORPION, "AND TOGETHER WE WILL MAKE THE JOURNEY."

"ABSOLUTELY NOT," SAID THE FROG. "WE ARE ENEMIES. YOU WILL STING AND KILL ME. SUCH IS YOUR NATURE."

"WHY WOULD I?" ANSWERED THE SCORPION. "ONCE WE ARE IN THE WATER, IF I STING YOU, WE WILL BOTH SINK AND DIE."

THE FROG, CONVINCED BY THE SCORPION'S ARGUMENT, GAVE PASSAGE. TOGETHER, THEY SWAM THE RIVER.

HALFWAY ACROSS, THE FROG FELT THE STING OF THE SCORPION. AS THEY SANK BENEATH THE WAVES, THE FROG ASKED--

--"WHY? WHY DID YOU STING ME, AND DOOM US BOTH?!"

ANSWERED THE SCORPION--

--"SUCH IS MY NATURE."

CLEVER PARABLE, SAVAGE.

HOWEVER THE FACT IS YOU *NEED* US. KILLING US RUNS CONTRARY TO YOUR *GOAL*.

YES, OF COURSE. AND THAT GOAL IS--?

--WHAT DO YOU *MEAN* WE'RE *BAIT*?

THAT'S THE WAY I SEE IT, RAY. WE'RE HERE TO *DRAW FIRE*. THAT'S IT.

SAVAGE NEEDS A SUPER-POWERED *SMOKE SCREEN* TO HIDE BEHIND WHILE HE TRIES TO SINGLE OUT HIS *TRUE ENEMY*--

--WHOEVER *HE* IS. SO, THE *OTHER END* OF SAVAGE'S TUNNEL LEADS TO DOWNTOWN *CLEVELAND*.

SAVAGE UNDOUBTEDLY HAS A BASE--AN OFFICE OR SOMETHING DOWN HERE. IF ONLY I KNEW WHERE IT--

WELL, I'M NO BATMAN OR ANYTHING--

--BUT I'VE GOT A *HUNCH*--

MEANWHILE...

THANK GOD... FINALLY A PLACE WHERE HE WON'T *FOLLOW* ME...

IT'S NOT *HIS* FAULT, REALLY. L-RON IS JUST A *CONSTRUCT*, AFTER ALL.

--THAT I JUST *DON'T BELONG HERE.*

I'M OUT OF MY *DEPTH.* MARTIAN MANHUNTER AND DESPERO *ALONE* CAN HANDLE JUST ABOUT *ANYTHING.*

ADD RAY AND TRIUMPH TO THE MIX, AND I END UP DOING A LOT OF *STANDING AROUND.*

MAYBE IT'S JUST EASIER TO *FOCUS* ON DESPERO--MY PARENTS' *KILLER*--THAN IT IS TO DEAL WITH THE *TRUTH*--

SLAM!

♪ HMM--H-HMM --H-HMMM-- HMMMM--! ♪

AM I ONLY IN IT FOR THE FREE *ROOM AND BOARD*--WAIT-- HOLD ON--

♪ --H-HMMM HMMM HMMM--! ♪

WAIT--MEN DON'T NEED *THESE*--

SANITARY DISPOSAL

--THAT'S A *MAN'S* VOICE.

Oh, GOD... I'VE WANDERED INTO THE *MEN'S ROOM!*

♪ HMM--H-HMM-- H-HMMM--HMMMM--! ♪

WHAMM!

NICE TRY, BABÉ

VWIP! VWIP! VWIP!

CLEVELAND...

...SO I SAID, "WELL, Mr. DOSCHIER, YOU CAN TAKE THIS JOB AND--"

--WHAT'S WRONG, JOYCE--?

--I DON'T KNOW-- SOMETHING *WEIRD*--

--FELT LIKE SOMEONE JUST *BRUSHED PAST* ME--

Uh-huh. YUP. HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.

MAYBE A LITTLE *WISHFUL THINKING*, Huh, GIRL?

NICE GOING, RAY. WHY NOT *BLOW* IN HER *EAR*?

HEY--I'VE *BENT LIGHT* AROUND US SO WE APPEAR *INVISIBLE*.

SHE'S PROBABLY LOOKING FOR *SPIDERS* NOW.

GUESS NO ONE'S NOTICED THE *HOURGLASS GRAFFITI* SCRAWLED ACROSS THE BUILDING YET.

YEAH, AND MAYBE THE GUYS WHO *PUT* IT THERE ARE JUST AIMING BIG, SCARY GUNS AT US RIGHT NOW.

LET'S *HIT* IT AND *QUIT* IT.

DON'T WE NEED--I DON'T KNOW--A *SEARCH WARRANT* OR SOMETHING--?

RAY, I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY *LIFE* PREPARING TO *DO* THIS KIND OF WORK. I *KNOW* THE *DRILL*.

GUYS LIKE SAVAGE WORK ON *THREE LEVELS*--

--WHAT THEY *TELL* US, WHAT THEY *EXPECT* US TO *FIND OUT*, AND THE *TRUTH*.

SAVAGE IS A *MASTER PLANNER*. HE'S WORKED *ALL* THE ANGLES. HE'S *ALLOWED* US TO FIND HIS TUNNEL--HIS *OFFICE*. HE *KNOWS* WE'RE HERE.

SAVAGE IS ALWAYS AT LEAST *TWO STEPS AHEAD* OF US. J'ONN IS JUST PLAYING ALONG, LETTING HIM STRING US OUT--

--HOPING WE FIND THE *TRUTH* BEFORE SAVAGE GETS WHAT HE WANTS.

TRIUMPH--WHAT IF SAVAGE IS A TUNA SANDWICH?

WHAT?

I MEAN, WHAT IF THE GUY IS A *LAME*. Y'KNOW --THICK.

A TUNA SANDWICH.

RAY--VANDAL SAVAGE IS *NOT* A TUNA SANDWICH.

DON'T OPEN THAT ONE.

NOW WHAT?

ALL THE *OTHER* DRAWERS WERE *UNLOCKED*, RIGHT? *THAT* ONE'S *BOOBY-TRAPPED*.

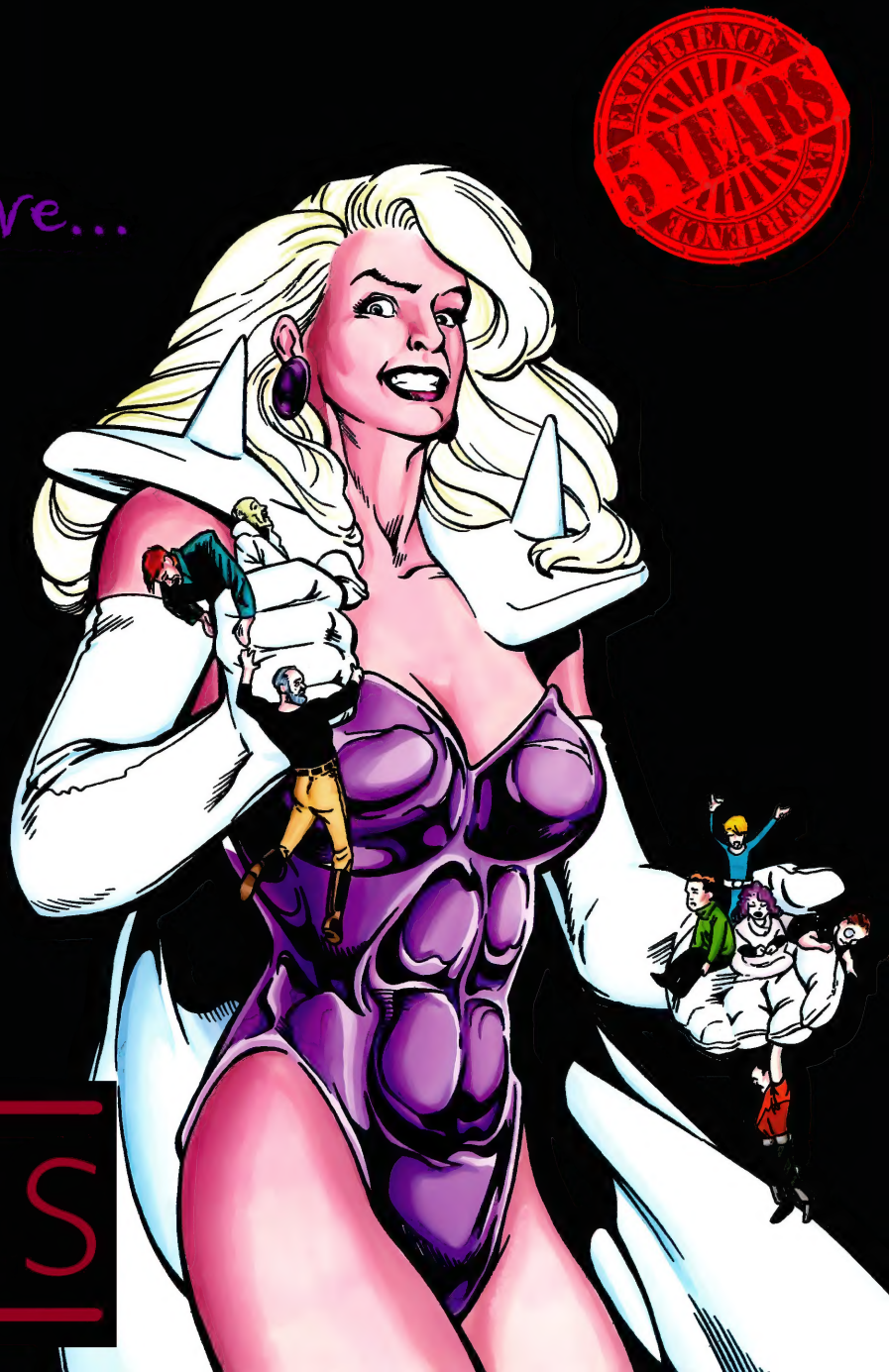
THE ONE THEY *WANT* YOU TO OPEN. IT'S IN *EVERY* MOVIE.

RAY--PAY ATTENTION: SAVAGE? NOT A TUNA. THE DRAWER--?

KAABLOOOOOOMM!!!

NEXT ISSUE:
INQUISITION!

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

novus